

THE  
SATYRIC MUSE.  
IN  
SEVERAL EPISTLES  
TO  
A FRIEND.

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn,  
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

SHAKESP.

BELFAST:

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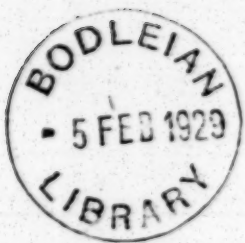
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1821

1821





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T H E

S A T Y R I C M U S E .

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E P I S T L E I.

**H**OW harmless is the bard, who in his muse  
Supremely blest, can scenes of pomp refuse :

“ Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet,

“ And then--a perfect hermit in his diet.

YET none my friend, could'st thou have found so fit  
T' improve thy relish for the charms of wit,

A 2

From



From early prejudice to clear thy mind,  
 Direct thy studies, give a taste refin'd,  
 " Form thy soft bosom with the gentlest art  
 " And pour each human virtue in thy heart :  
 To sow those seeds which shall in time produce  
 Fruits of most real and extensive use;  
 Teach thee how best thy talents to employ  
 And every moment of thy life *enjoy*.

Now then, my friend, together let us rise  
 View awful virtue with transported eyes  
 And brand the shameless front that bows to vice,  
 Which must as Swift observes, if e'er abasht,  
 Be either ridicul'd or keenly lasht;  
 Nor can expect to 'scape severe rebuke,  
 Tho' it's fond owner be an earl or duke;  
 Vice in no rank the muse resolv'd to spare,  
 " Bares the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.

Let



Let grov'ling souls presume that birth or place,  
 Yield a proud peer, truth, honour, goodness, grace :  
 From a fair search, lord Arthur, can'st thou find  
 Any such lodger in thy noble mind ?

LET the Satyric Muse with boldness rise,  
 Strip black oppression of it's gay disguise,  
 Strike bloated pride and foul dishonour dead  
 And plant deserved wreaths on virtue's head.  
 High shall she gibbet the detested name  
 Of that unfeeling wretch that's dead to shame.

IF I'm not injured, yet I bear a mind  
 Averse to vice, and feel for all mankind :  
 Is none allow'd to blame a faithless spouse ?  
 " Without a staring reason on his brows ?  
 Yes, gen'rous Satyr with indignant eye,  
 At vice and folly makes her thunders fly ;

Her



Her light'nings flash, her flaming bolts are hurl'd  
 On all the *worthless* in a guilty world.  
 Still she's the friend of man, the wise must own ;  
 From love of virtue springs her awful frown,  
 With true good-nature, drives the whirling storm  
 And her kind motive only to reform.  
 For *this* she holds the mirror to the fool,  
 For *this* to vice annexes ridicule ;  
 Till vice and folly feel the smarting wound,  
 Sure to be laught at wheresoe'er they'er found :  
 The worst of men ne'er yet unmov'd has borne  
 The pointed finger of the hand of Scorn.

YET there are men, yea lords, to whom the muse  
 Will not a most deserved praise refuse.  
 Oh couldst thou, LIFFORD, to all lords impart  
 The melting goodness of thy bounteous heart.

Clan-



Clanbrafil's soul is fill'd with all that's good,  
 With every virtue under heav'n endu'd.  
 Thee generous Antrim, loud applauses hail  
 And distant ages shall resume the tale  
 Of thy domestic virtues, blest at home  
 And blessing others, never didst thou roam.  
 Oh how unlike that short-neckt thing of filk,  
 That meer whipt syllabub of asses milk,  
 Yet glares at once, as lady Betty's tool,  
 A knave, whom nature only meant a fool:  
 Strutting and swelling with superior air,  
 When some vile corporation chose him mayor.  
 See the vain wretch, illuminations claim;  
 Ignoble triumph o'er the poor and lame:  
 With numerous lights to gratulate his sway  
 Th' obsequious Crumacs led th' illustrious way,  
 Whose gentle bosoms can such softness share  
 They'd screen a villain, even a Talbot spare;

Nor



Nor in their paper, lest they give offence,  
 Deign to admit a single line of sense :  
 Yet is their News for general service fit,  
 For some folks read, 'tis true, but all folks——

WITH nought of *human* but the make and shape ;  
 Less human genius than God gives an ape ;  
 With annual thousands, like a Chartres mean,  
 The very offals of the poor can glean,  
 Whate'er a villain dictates only speaks,  
 And as the villain prompts, the puppet squeaks,  
 Yet with rapacious heart can grind and squeeze,  
 Mindless of honour and all promises,  
 Dead to all feelings, lost to sense of shame,  
 Stranger to virtue and to honest fame ;  
 Shall such a character neglected be  
 Because a lord and 'scape due infamy ?

Well



Well does my friend with just resentment glow,  
 Give the Satyric Muse to deal the blow.  
 Be her just vengeance on the miscreant hurl'd,  
 And let her lash him howling thro' the world.

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E P I S T L E II.

**N**OW, now, my LELIUS, aid the Muse that sings,  
 Borne up aloft on Pegasean wings;  
 Rapid she flies along in aery wheels,  
 While scatter'd fools drop trembling from her heels.  
 See the mock patriots from her terrors fly,  
 Ev'n hoary LUCAS dreads her piercing eye:  
 He, who traduc'd the most illustrious names,  
 Now gives his lying journals to the flames.

B

Blaspheming



Blaspheming WILKES with horror seems to start,  
 And feels the stings of a corrupted heart.  
 With pitying eyes, she views the mad'ning throng,  
 Eas'ly misled, and ever prone to wrong:  
 Never was maxim more absurd and odd,  
 That people's voices are the voice of God.  
 'Twas by *their* voice the best of beings fell,  
*Their* voice just Aristides did expel.  
 In Britain once, the people's voice decreed  
 Death to each sinner that could write and read.  
 Is it the same at London or Peru;  
 Why not at Peking, Fez, and Smyrna too?  
 Then let the Hottentots their faith record,  
 Be Mah'met, Fo, and Monkey tooth ador'd.

BUT you, my friend, who justly can despise  
 The many-headed monster's sober lies,

Know



Know fools spawn folly, and were millions join'd,  
 They'd yield no produce of a different kind.  
 No skill in politics from BUTE expect,  
 From CHATHAM, to his sov'reign due respect;  
 From GRAFTON open plainness, or from NORTH  
 The least regard to men of real worth:  
 So in MACARTNEY, some have fought with pain  
 To find a blemish, but they fought in vain.

If you should search the spacious earth around,  
 No perfect man, you tell me, can be found:  
 There's but one perfect good, you say, 'tis true;  
 But Satan, *in his way*, is perfect too.  
 Now then, my LELIUS, on th' infernal plan  
 Survey the pourtrait of one perfect man.  
 With every hell-born, full-grown vice possess'd,  
 Nor spark of virtue in his gloomy breast;



Impenetrable mafs to all that's good  
 With none but filthy odious arts endued,  
 Who, with the Emp'ror, wifhes all mankind  
 Had but one neck to all their bodies join'd,  
 Then would this wight, to ev'ry man a foe,  
 The race extirpate with a fingle blow.  
 In the whole round of crimes he's quite complete,  
 In his fell heart all fins and follies meet;  
 Yet this machine, to point and guide the whole  
 To the worft ends, has one informing foul.  
 You ask his name, the name fhall ever laft;  
 'Tis whiftled down from Wexford to Belfast:  
 Derry and Donnegal refound the fame,  
 And TALBOT, TALBOT's damn'd to endless fame.

A PRECIOUS mummy can the Mufe prepare,  
 From rogues that ftink alive and taint the air.

So



So have I seen a black and worthless daw,  
 Strung up aloft in air, and stuf with straw,  
 Shew us which way's the wind; and what is more,  
 Preserve the corn which he destroy'd before.

---

## E P I S T L E III.

**J**USTLY, my LELIUS, the Satyric Muse  
 Folly and vice in their own colors shews,  
 Paints in the strongest light each horrid scene;  
 Naked we view and loath their squalid mein.  
 So skilful seamen when they quit the strand,  
 Mark the funk rock and every rising sand:  
 So Scotland's city, thro' thy yellow street  
 The wary walker treads with cautious feet,



Nor on the ordure are his eyes employ'd  
For other purpose, than the filth t'avoid.

WILT thou, my friend, the dire effects behold  
Of pamper'd vice and sordid lust of gold;  
Patient attend the dreary sad detail  
Of blushing devils and a trembling hell:  
'Tis from men's deeds their characters we draw,  
Then take the picture of this man of law.

FROM Albion's isle, which hideous monsters bore,  
Far worse than ever howl'd on Afric's shore.  
He comes, A TALBOT comes: ye fiends, with care  
On footy wings, the precious burthen bear:  
A compound form'd of impudence and lies,  
Heeds not the vengeance of incens'd skies.  
He takes the lead and drives with loosen'd rein,  
With front Talbotian and Talbotian brain.

When



When to his master injur'd men apply'd,  
Repair to TALBOT, TALBOT is my guide,  
Was all he said: Reminded of his word,  
(The faithless promise of a booby lord)  
My word—then staring grins with wild grimace,  
And silent looks broad nonsense in his face.

To TALBOT now the tenants all repair,  
With sanguine hope soon chang'd to sad despair;  
Him as a friend they hospitably greet,  
To keep him such, with costly viands treat:  
'Tis well, he cries, they're rich, 'tis just that they  
Who live like princes, should like princes pay.  
Grateful return for all the kindness shewn,  
By those whose wealth was seeming wealth alone.  
He to whom ideots were the chiefest prize,  
Now boasts a triumph o'er the good and wise.



But e'er his actions we record in song,  
 Survey those sycophants, that cringing throng,  
 Who curry favour, and to sooth his pride,  
 Sport in his smiles and flutter at his side.  
 Ply, fierce Megara, ply the dreaded whip,  
 'Till the false varlets wriggle, howl, and skip.

THOMAS can chatter, fawn, and smile, and frisk;  
 Where is the monkey that is half so brisk?  
 WADDEL, whose savage soul thro' hide of buff  
 Scarcely can glimmer like a dying snuff.  
 GEORGE, who, with double face and double tongue,  
 A motley mixture seems of right and wrong.  
 The servile STEWART aids the fiend to rob,  
 Convenient tool for every dirty job.  
 Alas! the Clergy too! my Muse forbear,  
 Nor be on prostituted gowns severe.

There's



There's game enough for thee--(trot priests to heav'n)  
 Seize on that genuine son of Dullness, STEPHEN.  
 ROBERT and JOHN, who wallowing in their store,  
 See their own children starving at their door.  
 Let each go buy a rope, that folks may tell  
 They have at last bestow'd one penny well.

NOR vice nor virtue's child, nor wise, nor fool,  
 Tho' independant, yet a willing tool,  
 Whose taste the grossest affectation suits,  
 With wig enormous and eternal boots,  
 BEOTUS stalks with ill-matcht legs, and bows  
 With awful shrug, fixt eye and pucker'd brows;  
 Such arts of face th' unwary may beguile,  
 Make the fool stare and man of sense to smile:  
 Of sense and nonsense shall such medley pass?  
 Strange composition, neither horse nor ass.

D

Pity



Pity that nature's fixt unbroken rules  
 Might not for once relax respecting mules,  
 Then would the genial labors of this sage  
 With little Esculapians bless the age.

THERE are, my LELIUS, without wit or taste,  
 Who prize description, while sense runs to waste,  
 And think in lines tho' void of art or force,  
 If they well jingle, music flows of course:  
 But you who mark a poem's grand outlines,  
 If well fill'd up and just the picture shines,  
 A full and perfect piece, tho' writ with ease,  
 Sound must with Sterling sense unite to please,  
 Whence the gay streams of bright ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the painting glow.  
 Faults in the bard thy piercing eye may scan,  
 Who draws the pourtrait of a *perfect* man.

Com-



Compleatly virtuous if no mortal rise,  
 Yet is my hero quite complete in vice :  
 On TALBOT'S conduct means the muse to dwell,  
 All markt in characters as black as hell.  
 Av'rice with meaness most ignoble join'd  
 Bare a foul heart and vile corrupted mind.  
 Nor conscience, honour, truth, or justice move  
 The poor to pity, or desert approve.

IN every house for which he grants a lease,  
 Far over-values all th' advantages  
 Of situation, or of late repairs ;  
 Tho' the expence himself each tenant bears :  
 Whate'er his own conveniency to suit,  
 For use or ornament he has laid out ;  
 So much the better is the house, he cries,  
 All you've expended is his lordship's prize :



So much the more they pay for what's their own,  
 In vain remonstrance and in vain their moan.  
 To those who in the town are forc'd to live  
 No single house on easier terms he'll give ;  
 Every advantage takes : they must submit,  
 Or friends and trades and all connexions quit.  
 He knows how circumstanc'd, he knows their need,  
 And turns against them all the sense they plead :  
 Sense in his soul no longer is the same ;  
 So food digested bears a different name.

THOSE who from former promise of his lord  
 (which numbers heard, attest and still record,  
 On the same terms their leases to renew)  
 Ventur'd to build and then demand their due ;  
 Aghast ! they helpless stand, deceiv'd, forlorn,  
 Broke are all promises, all contracts torn :

Written



Written engagements offer'd to his eye,  
 Snatch'd from the hand, in fritter'd pieces fly,  
 Unaw'd by fear of shame, by guilt unmov'd,  
 As thou, unhappy FERGUSON, hast prov'd.  
 His deeds ungenerous, paltry shifts to tell,  
 Would make this letter into volumes swell.  
 All that is bad or base at once combin'd  
 To squeeze and plunder only fill his mind.

JUSTLY much injur'd GEORGE, did'st thou with zeal  
 And ardent aspect to his lord appeal :  
 Thou to whose father this devoted town  
 Doth all it's wealth and all it's grandeur own ;  
 Which to improve with wond'rous skill and care,  
 He toil'd in thought, nor sums immense did spare :  
 With mind capacious this poor spot did view  
 Cover'd with sorry cots, and those but few,

Which



Which foaming waters threaten'd to confound,  
 Sweep to the seas, or whelm in boggy ground:  
 Pitying he saw, with mighty art restrain'd  
 The raging waves, the swampy marshes drain'd;  
 Then to old ocean's fury sets a bound,  
 Rears goodly structures on *now* solid ground:  
 Nor stops he here, but draws the stream of trade  
 In a full current tow'rd the town he made;  
 Hence to his lord this vast increase is found,  
 An annal tribute of two thousand pound.  
 Had not this scheme his mighty mind employ'd,  
 His son had twice this annual sum enjoy'd:  
 Yet did he leave this son but ill at ease,  
 Heir only of ten thousand promises.  
 He who in promises of lords can trust,  
 Builds on a cataract, or may feed on dust.

THIS



THIS very quay that form'd the rising town,  
 The father's pride, is raviht from the son :  
 This quay, from whence such wealthy commerce springs,  
 Giv'n to a flutt'ring bug with gilded wings,  
 One that his lord can scratch and fawning blefs,  
 Roll in his vortex and his power confefs.  
 While honeft GEORGE this grateful lord, forlorn  
 Behold and treats with insolence and scorn.

You tremble, LELIUS, with indignant eye——  
 Where can the stores of chosen vengeance lie ?

THESE, TALBOT, are thy feats, and shall the muse  
 Her pointed darts of wrath neglect to use ?  
 No, let her wield the scourge without controul,  
 With fiercest lashes sting thy guilty soul,

Till



'Till wrung with pangs and fest'ring fores you lie,  
 Wishing that tortur'd soul itself might die.  
 But if thy gross and tainted mind can feel,  
 'Tis not impalement, fire, or racking wheel,  
 Nor any suff'rings mortals can inflict,  
 Will like review of thine own deeds afflict ;  
*These* then the Muse shall glare before thy view,  
 Wring thy foul heart and storm thy conscience too.

E P I S-



## E P I S T L E IV.

**H** EALTH to my LELIUS. I can ne'er forget  
 The joys we've tasted in thy rural seat :  
 How oft in pleasing tasks we spent the day,  
 While joyous suns roll'd unperceiv'd away.  
 Absent from thee, thy fav'rite Muse I woo;  
 She can be Sportive and Satyric too.  
 And as her zeal intense for virtue glows,  
 Deals a redoubled wrath on virtue's foes.  
 No wonder TALBOT all her fury claims,  
 With heated scorn and mingled hate she flames :  
 Raises a whirlwind to disperse the chaff;  
 His crimes too horrid for her wonted laugh.

SEE the black fiend, half malice and half whim,  
 Foolish in spite, ridiculously grim.

D

Those



Those who refus'd to truckle at his heel,  
 By every means, some silly vengeance feel:  
 All that his coward heart can e'er invent,  
 Sourly enforc'd their quiet to prevent;  
 With meanest arts, still striving to annoy  
 And to disturb that peace he can't destroy.

So PETER, who beheld with careless eye,  
 Or manly scorn this imp of infamy,  
 Is doom'd an object of his venom'd spite,  
 Who boasts in trampling on another's right.  
 Before his gates a lofty wall he'll rear,  
 To render useless all his buildings there;  
 So gross his ign'rance, swears this goodly feat  
 His lord has power to act in every street:  
 Taunted with scoffs, he longs th' affair to hush;  
 His lord (Oh miracle!) for once did blush.

Oppos'd



Oppos'd with spirit, all his projects die :  
 Resist the devil, well 'tis known, he'll fly.  
 Thus when the well dispos'd with care contrive  
 Means for the helpless poor in ease to live;  
 ROBERT with noble rage despis'd his wiles,  
 Stopt and detected his insidious guiles;  
 With truth's strong weapons forc'd him to submit,  
 And his despotic fav'rite plan to quit.

NOT so BEOTUS, who his cause supports,  
 Flatters his master and his favour courts:  
 How little notic'd by the list'ning throng,  
 Who talks so loudly and who talks so long;  
 In vain he labours to defend his plan,  
 His'd and derided by each honest man.  
 At length (with pious RICHARD) learns the grace  
 Among such men no more to shew his face.



THY conduct, SEEDS, was memorably just,  
 Friend to the poor, and faithful to thy trust:  
 Goodness of heart is thine, best gift of heav'n,  
 "And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven."

BUT after all the strife of bellowing lungs,  
 The hash of nonsense, din of warring tongues;  
 When ROBERT had perpetual lease procur'd,  
 And 'gainst perpetual president secur'd,  
 See (TALBOT's maxim) their best friend rejected,  
 And his important services neglected.  
 Now discord, folly, and confusion reigns,  
 Now TALBOT's spirit flows thro' all their veins.

VAL. with a down-cast eye and visage foul,  
 Dark, sour, and gloomy, like his canker'd soul,  
 Which sits at squat, nor peeps from out her hole.

He



He seventeen years ago so wildly steer'd,  
 By his own printed oath a knave appear'd.  
 Blest manager! yet now with front of brass,  
 Would make his crude and jumbled notions pass.  
 Well may all schemes by such a hand and head,  
 Sink into ruin and confusion spread.

TALBOT such tools beholds, with fierce disdain  
 Surveys them flound'ring, but they strive in vain.  
 Now is the time his hell-born arts to shew,  
 Quash the whole scheme and plunge the poor in woe;  
 The promis'd \* lease with-holds, and doth refuse  
 The least supply of water for their use:  
 Mocks their weak rage, foment's their wrangling brawls;  
 The scheme forever to destruction falls.

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\* Of additional ground, that was solemnly promised to the Town in common-hall-assembly.



LET us, my LELIUS, leave this plunder'd town,  
To mark his sulph'rous track the country round;  
Wide wasting ruin, ghastly havoc, spreads  
On whom he deals with and where e'er he treads.

To thee, curst TALBOT, are these lines addrest,  
To rive thy heart, and shake thy marble breast;  
With strict regard to truth, the Muse presents  
Thy deeds pernicious and their consequence.

THINE is the art unnumber'd woes to bring,  
From the hard hand the paltry trash to wring;  
Oppress the poor, of griefs to swell their flood,  
To grind their quiv'ring flesh, and churn their blood.  
What crouds of tearful widows, what a train  
Of starving orphans mournfully complain!

Thousands



Thousands of families who once could get,  
 And hard earn'd morsels, unreluctant eat;  
 Of antient tenants the industrious race,  
 Strongly attach'd to their forefathers' place,  
 Who just to live and pay their lord made shift,  
 Now thy unfeeling heart can turn adrift.  
 What are the crimes that to their charge you lay?  
 Fines you demand, and fines they cannot pay.  
 Some indeed borrow, but severely rue,  
 Finding their griefs and apprehensions true.  
 Others, by hundreds, to a distant shore  
 Are sold for slaves, and never heard of more:  
 While others beg, who better fate deserve;  
 Some learn to steal, and numbers daily starve.

BUT learn, my LELIUS, the detested plan,  
 On which proceeded this infernal man:



An English farmer first these lands survey'd,  
 And estimate at their full value made;  
 This TALBOT doubles, these the terms decreed,  
 From which no motives bend him to recede.  
 To crown the whole, each must his farm resign,  
 Or tender down a most enormous fine;  
 Ejects th' old helpless tenants, and applies  
 To money'd men who wish to realize:  
 None but the wealthy can his audience win,  
 "For want of money is a mortal sin."

† RAPACIOUS TALBOT, dead to other's weal,  
 Curst with a callous heart which cannot feel.  
 Well may thy vicious soul, whene'er you go,  
 Shed darker horror o'er the shades below:

---

† He boasted that he had raised the value of the estate from 17,500l. to 35,000l. per ann. and received 200,000l. in fines, besides his own fees, &c. to the amount of 25,000l. more.



Astonisht fiends will blush, and crouding run  
 To view the man that has themselves outdone;  
 Ev'n yawning hell, that op'd her jaws too late,  
 Trembles beneath such guilt's unusual weight.

---

## E P I S T L E V.

**B**LAME not the Lay, when in immortal verse  
 One fool hitcht up his brother fool's deters:  
 Villains and fools alone the Satyr claim,  
 Strung up and dangling in eternal shame.  
 Yet doth the Muse intrinsic worth befriend,  
 Ready to praise and panting to commend;  
 Extols with rapture and with joy approves,  
 And finds in Purdy's Burn a man she loves.

E

But



BUT when the filthiest of a filthy age,  
 Demands her song, she calls up all her rage;  
 Cloth'd in her terrors, makes a TALBOT howl,  
 In smoking wrath her ratt'ling thunders rowl,  
 And hurls her vengeance on his naked soul:  
 See strip'd, derided, lash'd, and blasted then  
 The worst of villains 'mongst the worst of men:  
 Promethean vultures shall for ever gnaw  
 The bowels of this outcast of the law.

ENOUGH of TALBOT. Who is that so proud,  
 Snuffs the vile incense of a fawning croud?  
 Where THOMAS, WADDEL, GEORGE, and STEWART join'd,  
 STEPHEN and JOSEPH, all so well inclin'd,  
 With cringing parsons, who so glad to greet  
 Unmeaning smiles, would stoop and lick his feet;

By



By these, and such as these, alone ador'd—  
 That thing is no small fool, that thing's a lord;  
 Has just as much low cunning, as supplies  
 In mighty fools the place of being wise;  
 Yet will, if teaz'd by Amazonian punk,  
 With his own butler like a lord be drunk.

Of every folly, every vice possess,  
 Without one gleam of virtue in his breast;  
 Where no regard to promises may dwell,  
 As BIRNIE thou and hundreds more can tell.  
 Who knew no use for half his former store,  
 Yet, when that's doubled, thirsts as much for more.  
 Rapine, oppression, and extortion are  
 His only sciences, his only care;  
 Nor stops in spite of all the laws of God,  
 At dirty artifice or bare-fac'd fraud:



LEWIS and LUDFORD, each unfullied name,  
Bright in the records of the clearest fame,  
Have felt th' effects of *both*; how low the art,  
The first can tell, of his deceitful heart;  
How mean the wiles, how often broke the word  
And solemn promise of this flimsy lord.

How long did t' other stand aghast to see  
Such tricks to cheat him of his property:  
'Till noble YORKE oblig'd him to submit,  
Forc'd to be honest and his claim to quit.

EXAMPLES, LELIUS, of this kind to quote,  
Might of BEOTUS tire the brazen throat,  
So numerous are they, but let these suffice,  
To brand this lump of nonsense, fraud, and lies.



SOME of his tenants still remain that feel  
 Their wrongs, and can resent with hearts of steel;  
 Bravely resolv'd, in mutual leagues unite,  
 To keep possession and support their right:  
 Ready their tribute to their lord to pay,  
 But not to those who snatch'd their farms away.

TROOPS to subdue those noble Hearts employ'd,  
 Shewn with what ease they might have been destroy'd,  
 Glad to depart, are civilly dismiss'd.  
 Oh! may they steadfast in the cause persist;  
 Nor tamely yield to fear, or stoop to power  
 That would their substance, selves, and babes devour.  
 If aw'd by what the giddy world calls great,  
 May grave MATTEAR their furs inoculate.



WELL did ye frame, † Dunbrody's gallant sons,  
 A decent engine, which for TALBOT groans;  
 Two rampant posts, one couchant, with rope pendant,  
 Resolv'd to fix that worst of rogues at end on't:  
 Warn'd by some wretch, he fled, and 'scap'd once more  
 The destin'd fate so nearly mis'd before.

Now leave this lordling, shrunk in abject fears,  
 From his vile face to wipe the scalding tears;  
 From pity in the tend'rest hearts exempt,  
 Object of laughter, hatred, and contempt.  
 When in the tomb his loathsome corpse shall rot,  
 By none lamented, and by all forgot,  
 Yet shall the mem'ry of his horrid crimes  
 Live in these lines, and stink thro' endless times.

---

† In the county of Wexford:



JUSTLY to draw, th' impartial Muse intends,  
 The pourtrait of her foes and of her Friends.  
*Here* groups of fools and knaves expos'd to view,  
*There* the wild wand'rings of the virtuous few ;  
 With gent'lest touches, will her task perform,  
 Praise where she can and lash but to reform.

WHY doth not ORPHEUS of \* APOLLYON sing  
 Brush the sweet lyre and strike the quiv'ring string ?  
 His gentle numbers sooth the list'ning ear,  
 His tuneful strains ev'n fiends relenting hear :  
 ORPHEUS, who of his follies only vain,  
 Laughs at all notions of the vulgar train ;  
 Fool, with more wit than half mankind possess,  
 And the least selfish of the human race.

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\* CHARLES HENRY TALBOT, Esq.



DEAR as my soul, my LELIUS, and my friend,  
Whom to see happy all my wishes tend ;  
With all that's amiable, accomplisht youth,  
With taste refin'd and ardent love for truth :  
With all the virtues and the graces join'd,  
A feeling heart and an unspotted mind,  
And blest with whatsoe'er can merit praise,  
Yet ev'n in thee a fault the Muse surveys ;  
Too doubtful art thou of the powers possesst,  
Those mighty powers that lodge within thy breast ;  
Too humble diffidence and modest fear  
Obscure those virtues which should shine so clear :  
No longer timid, learn the noble art  
Of bold assurance and thy powers exert,  
Nor hide those talents which display'd wou'd claim,  
Love, praise and honor, and immortal fame.





